

THE NATION

September 7, 1963 . . 35c

Los Angeles

Labor Tries A Comeback

Harry Bernstein

Washington

REVOLUTION ON THE MARCH

Harvey Swados

THE RHODESIAN TRAP

Arthur Keppel-Jones

Disappearance of a Museum

David Cort

The Charles C. Sherrod Library

EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

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LETTERS

Reactor reaction

New York City

Dear Sirs: I am rather shocked that *The Nation* so blithely dismisses protest against Con Edison's proposed nuclear power reactor in New York City as "inspired by irrational fear of nuclear energy as such" [editorial, Aug. 10]. Neither my friends nor I are against nuclear energy "as such"—on the contrary, we welcome the establishment of nuclear reactors. . . . But we do object to the location of a reactor in the heart of a city with a population of 8,000,000. A reactor can be located anywhere and power can be brought to the people who need it, safely. . . . AEC site criteria state quite clearly: (1) few persons should live within 500 yards of the site; (2) in any 10-degree arc around the site, not more than 500 people should live within 1.5 miles; and (3) no large center of population of 10,000 or more should lie within five miles. . . .

Alice Mary Hilton

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Why at Bodega Head?" (Aug. 10) misses the mark slightly in explaining the heated response, "pro and con," to Gene Marine's article, "Outrage on Bodega Head" (June 22). Mr. Marine made one innocent but important error; he noted that our recent court action against PG&E's use-permit for the Bodega Bay nuclear-power plant had ended in a ruling to force a public hearing. This is not so. . . . The court found that indeed the county permit had been granted illegally; but it remained in effect because PG&E had spent so much money developing the site — before AEC hearings on its safety have been scheduled.

As for the recent dissenting opinion by California Public Utilities Commissioner William Bennett, your editorial says that four of the commissioners found the site safe — on the very lip of the San Andreas fault — but that Bennett had found it unsafe. What Bennett found was that "rudiments of fair play and due process suggest . . . that there has not been a full hearing here. . . ." Consistent with violation of due process, the four other commissioners did not find the site safe; they ruled that the issue of safety is pre-empted by the AEC.

David E. Pesonen

Executive Secretary,

The Northern California Association
to Preserve Bodega Head and Harbor

Englewood story

Englewood, N. J.

Dear Sirs: As chairman of the education committee of the Englewood

Urban League, I was interested in Gerald Walker's "Englewood and the Northern Dilemma" [July 6], which portrays all aspects of our community's crisis of conscience in masterful fashion. Mr. Walker accurately predicts the New Jersey Education Commissioner's school integration order, which the courts obviously will uphold. The question for Englewood is the cost in civic disunity that implementing Commissioner Raubinger's order will entail.

John M. Pickering

Jamaica, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: As a white mother, living in a neighborhood that is "mixed" in regard to both class and "race," with two children still in the public schools, I should like to take exception to some of the ideas expressed by Mr. Walker.

I consider the intellectual attainments and intentions of the teaching staff more important than the "abilities" of my children's classmates in determining the quality of their school learning. One of the main deterrents to learning in segregated classes is the attitude of the teacher toward the Negro pupil, as well as toward the "economically deprived" child of whatever race. A town that will permit a spokesman on educational matters to use the word "nigger" cannot possibly offer equal education to Negro pupils, however equal the plant and equipment.

Isabella Black

How many scientists?

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: In your July 6 issue, Carl Dreher announces that "80 to 90 per cent of all the scientists that have lived are still alive." I wonder if Mr. Dreher will be good enough to inform us where he gets his statistical information and what is meant by "scientist" in the census reports, say, in China in the year 800 A.D. or at any other time before Galileo. I have seen this kind of statement in print a number of times and am eager to learn its statistical basis, notably with respect to "all the scientists that have (ever) lived."

Howard Mumford Jones

Dear Sirs: Mr. Jones is perfectly right, of course: there were scientists before Galileo and elsewhere than in the West. For the purposes of the review in question, I simply took the author's figures for the period covered by his analysis; his concern is with the body of science and scientists that have got us into our present situation.

I suppose what we are really doing in speculations of this sort is dealing with the kind of science, starting in the sixteenth century, which after a

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certain lag developed into applied science and the industrial revolution.

Carl Dreher

The wall

Warrensburg, Mo.

Dear Sirs: Sir John Lomax's "The Day the Cold War Changed" (July 6) rather clearly states that it was "a little later," after Mr. Fulbright's September 30, 1961, statement on atomic weapons for Germany, that Herr Ul-

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Realities of the Test Ban

The nuclear test-ban treaty will be ratified by the Senate but, as Secretary McNamara said in his testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee, its consummation will not be a cause for euphoria. The Secretary explained that he meant "we must guard against a condition of mind which allows us to become lax in our defenses," i.e., that our capacity to inflict megadeath will remain absolutely unimpaired. *The Nation's* view is precisely the opposite. We must not become lax in our efforts to avert World War III, the chances of which have now been reduced only slightly.

Three clear gains have been made, not one of them conclusive: (1) atmospheric pollution has been arrested for the time being; (2) after eighteen years of wrangling, it has at last proved possible for the superpowers to agree on *something* in the general field of disarmament; (3) the momentary defeat of the right-wing war party in the United States. But every one of these blessings can be nullified in short order by pre-existing hostile forces which may well be strengthened by their setback, such as it is.

The treaty itself is of an extremely tentative nature: in its terms, it has less assurance of durability than a lease on an apartment. Both sides will prepare assiduously for a possible resumption of atmospheric testing. To make up for the prohibitions of the treaty, we are planning an enormous expansion of underground testing. The armament race careens on. The United States has 500 missiles in readiness and will have at least 1,700 by 1966, some of large caliber, since we are abandoning the idea that ten-megatons is about the useful limit. The Soviets will reciprocate with smaller numbers of still larger bombs and, from time to time, Marshal Malinovsky will rattle them.

On our side, any slackening of arms production, even when the Pentagon itself points out that overkill capacity has reached grotesque proportions, will be greeted by ululations about letting our guard down, the certainty of Soviet cheating, etc. Fanatical scientists like Teller, Senatorial militarists like Goldwater and Jackson, monocular soldiers like the SAC commander, Gen. Thomas S. Power, will redouble their efforts to make sure that the most religious, the most virtuous, the most deservedly powerful nation on earth can immolate the human race whenever it chooses. They have received a mere jolt, nothing even remotely resembling a knockout blow. Abroad, West Germany, with its stake in an indefinite prolongation of the cold war, will do its utmost to sabotage further progress.

Broadly, the interest of the Soviet Union is in peaceful coexistence, that of the United States in *warlike* coexistence. This is not a matter of national morality or immorality. The Soviet rulers are under pressure to improve living standards—to do it, not just talk about it. Our elites, including the elites of labor, face a di-

lemma: finding themselves at a loss to cope with the menacing problems of automation, structural unemployment and recurrent recession, their only remedy is to benzedrine the economy by massive injections of government spending on arms and aerospace.

The treaty cannot change these impulses in the slightest degree. The penultimate result could be its abrogation at the next eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation; the ultimate result could be to open the way for nuclear war. The treaty must be followed by further and more decisive steps, or it will turn out to be the mortal *ignis fatuus* of our era. That is the cardinal fact, and this is no time for the partisans of peace to forget it.

Kefauver

When Senator Estes Kefauver died on August 10, the American people lost the best friend they had in Congress since George W. Norris failed in his last bid for re-election to the Senate in 1942. In that interval of two decades, there were and are Congressmen as well-intentioned as these two (though not many), but none who have combined unswerving devotion to the public interest with superlative political effectiveness. The differences in the lives of the two men are outweighed by the similarities. Early in his Congressional career, Norris headed the revolt which broke the power of Speaker Joe Cannon and the Republican Old Guard in the House. In moving from the House to the Senate, Kefauver brought down Ed Crump, the Democratic boss of Tennessee. Norris, defeated at last by a coalition of the utilities and the pro-German voters of Nebraska, left the Tennessee Valley Authority as his monument. In a series of memorable investigations, Kefauver made himself the scourge of the monopolists, the price-fixers, the consumer-gougers in industry, as well as the more forthright gangsters and their political allies. Now and then, the electorate somehow manages to get itself a Senator who is, actually and in the fullest sense, a public servant.

Kefauver earnestly wanted to be President and, violating another tradition of American politics, went around saying so. He had the qualifications, but to attain the office he would have needed more luck than fell to his lot. He was a maverick, after all. He would wear a coonskin cap when he needed the votes and had to create a public image of himself that would overcome the handicaps under which an honest politician labors, but he never stooped to demagoguery. Nor to double-talk. No wonder he failed.

His chief fault as a statesman was that he died too young. When the end came, so unexpectedly and quickly, the powerful as well as the humble paid him tribute, but among the former public sorrow was largely diluted with private relief. Kefauver never ran away from trouble, he had a keen mind, a genuine social conscience, and not the slightest inclination to truckle

to the top dogs in any walk of life. How could machine politicians like him? They are more comfortable with a dead legislative hero than a live one; in that sense their praise of the departed was no doubt sincere. But the liberal journalists of the country, the working people for whom he worked, the Negroes and all men of good will have cause for grief. They have suffered a loss that is literally irreparable, and they will be reminded of it often in the difficult and dangerous days ahead. So far as Senate organization is concerned, certain portents are already disturbing. True, Philip A. Hart of Michigan, a liberal who has already proved his dedication to the interests of the consumer, succeeds Kefauver as chairman of the Senate anti-trust subcommittee; we wish him well. But a subcommittee seat remains vacant and the choice rests with the chairman of the parent Judiciary Committee—Senator Eastland. As for Tennessee's representation in the Senate, Governor Clement has already made an interim appointment: Democratic National Committeeman Herbert S. Walters who, by all accounts, cannot be said to fit into the inspiring Kefauver tradition of public service.

The Fall of Valor

Throughout the ages the accepted function of the military has been to get out in front on the firing line to protect the folks back home. Even Mussolini and Hitler, the greatest monsters the human race has produced in modern times, were brave soldiers in their youth. They suffered before acquiring the power to make others suffer. Apparently this has all been reversed. Now the military need not suffer at all, much less perish. They are digging themselves in (or, in the case of very high commanders, planning to escape into space) and the dying will be left to the civilians. This is not to charge the military with an unseemly regard for their own lives. They deem it their duty to the nation to remain healthy, even after all the civilians are dead. Otherwise, who is to launch the retaliatory missiles to insure that all Russian civilians die, too?

The military are perfectly frank about their new roles. An air general has pointed out the necessity for orbital command posts for the top brass of his service. Since these facilities will not be available on a large scale in the near future, other officers will be assured of survival underground. On a still humbler level, interceptor units which were originally posted around cities to protect the populace from air attack are now to be dispersed, the Air Force explains, "to give them a maximum chance of surviving ballistic attack." For itself, NORAD, air-defense HQ, is building a steel-armored cave under a Colorado mountain.

Most civilians will appreciate the moral and practical necessity of these measures. Of course there are always a few disaffected individuals. One such, learning that the Pentagon was asking for holes a mile deep in which generals could "carry on in safety with the future blasting of the world after we're gone," thought it might be a justifiable novelty to devote one such hole to preserve a civilian family, and "it might

as well be mine." He soon lost heart, however. "I was going to say," he murmured, "like an exhibit in a museum. But silly me, who'd go to the museum? You'll all be dead."

Then that ill-tempered Senator, Hon. Stephen Young of Ohio, recently noted that recruiting stations seemed to be multiplying like rabbits in his state. He counted twenty-three in Cleveland alone, maintained by five different armed services. Extrapolating, the Senator estimated that an army of many thousands must be required to man all the recruiting stations. Why not, he asked, save money and provide more field fighters by centralizing, merging or even eliminating these centers, and sending the able-bodied male personnel off to front-line duty?

The Senator has failed to keep up with developments. Wouldn't this be a sad way to reward disregard of personal safety in the nation's service? All these brave men and women must be aware of the situation, yet each remains at his or her post, right among the doomed civilians. Far from breaking up the recruiting services, ought we not to grant these commandos extra hazards pay, and a medal for valor upon retirement? And perhaps posthumous decorations for civilians, too?

Not Only the Negroes

Other minorities in this country suffer disabilities similar to those of the Negro—and don't like it any better. In Terrebonne Parish, Louisiana, Houma Indians filed a suit to force desegregation of the public schools. Segregation there is triple-barreled: there are separate schools for whites, Negroes and Indians! In North Carolina, Lumbee Indians are also trying to get their children into integrated public schools.

Various forms of discrimination exist all over the United States. Puerto Ricans and Mexican-Americans—not to speak of Mexicans who are not citizens—are almost or actually as disadvantaged as Negroes. The Mexicans (or Latins, as some of them prefer to be called) are organizing. According to *The Wall Street Journal*, Albert A. Penna, Jr., Texas president of PASO (Political Association of Spanish-Speaking Organizations), sums up the situation: "An Anglo will be hired for \$60 a week as a mechanic while a Latin will be hired to do the same job for \$40."

Then there are the Oriental-Americans, among them the Japanese-Americans who were so shamefully robbed of their lands by patriotic Californians in World War II. If all the oppressed minorities could unite in fighting for their rights, it would be a good thing, not only for them, but for the country. There are obstacles. One is geographical separation, the other the tendency of each group to disregard all grievances but its own. "Socially and economically," says a Chinese-American leader, "we've reached a much higher plane than the Negroes, so we don't feel mass movements are necessary." He would do well to remember the treatment of the Chinese in California in the last century, and later. No more than a man is a race an island unto itself.

The First Freedom Riders a Guest Editorial

I never rise to address a colored audience, without feeling ashamed of my own color; ashamed of being identified with a race of men who have done . . . so much injustice. *William Lloyd Garrison (1832)*

Our people have got it. They have got it in the blue, collapse stage. Many of them have got it so bad, they can't get well. They will die of it. It will be a mercy, if the nation does not. What a dignified, philosophic malady! Dread of complexion. . . .

This color-phobia is making terrible havoc among our communities. But it is a base, low, vulgar ailment. It is meaner, in fact, than the itch. It is worse to get rid of than the "seven years' itch." It is fouler than Old Testament leprosy. . . . It is a tasty disorder—a beautiful ailment; very genteel, and apt to go in "first families." We should like to have Hogarth take a sketch of a community that had it—or ours, for instance, when the St. Vitus' fit was on. We have read somewhere of a painter, who made so droll a picture that he died laughing at the sight of it. Hogarth might not laugh at this picture. It would be a sight to cry at, rather than laugh, especially if he could see the poor objects of our frenzy, when the fit is on—which indeed is all the time, for it is an unintermittent. Our attitude would be most ridiculous and ludicrous, if it were not too mortifying and humiliating and cruel. Our Hogarth would be apt to die of something else than laughter, at sight of his sketch.

Nathaniel Peabody Rogers (1838)

Let us not flatter ourselves that we are in reality any better than our brethren of the South. . . . The *form* of slavery does not exist among us; but the very *spirit* of the hateful and mischievous thing is here in all its strength. The manner in which we use what power we have, gives us ample reason to be grateful that the nature of our institutions does not intrust us with more. . . .

Those who are kind and liberal on all other subjects, unite with the selfish and the proud in their unrelenting efforts to keep the colored population in the lowest state of degradation; and the influence they unconsciously exert over children early infuses into their innocent minds the same strong feelings of contempt.

Lydia Child (1833)

It is true that in these United States and in this State, there are men, like myself, colored with the skin like my own, who are not subjected to the lash, who are not liable to have their wives and their infants torn from them. . . . But sir, still we are slaves—everywhere we feel the chain galling us . . . the spirit of slavery. This spirit is withering all our hopes, and oftentimes causes the colored parent as he looks upon his child, to wish he had never been born. . . .

If the nation and church understood this matter, I would not speak a word about that killing influence that destroys the colored man's reputation. This influence cuts us off from everything; it follows us up from childhood to manhood; it excludes us from all stations of profit, usefulness and honor; takes away from us all motive for pressing forward in enterprises,

useful and important to the world and to ourselves. . . .

But sir, this prejudice goes farther. It debars men from heaven. . . . What, [the colored] demand, is your Christianity? How do you regard your brethren? How do you treat them at the Lord's table? Where is your consistency in talking about the heathen, traversing the ocean to circulate the Bible everywhere, while you frown upon them at the door?

Reverend Theodore S. Wright (1837)

But it may be said that the miserable victims of the system have our sympathies. Sympathy! . . . One's heart and soul are becoming weary of this sympathy, this heartless mockery of feeling; sick of the common cant hypocrisy, wreathing the artificial flowers of sentiment over unutterable pollution and unimaginable wrong. . . .

No! let the truth on this subject, undisguised, naked, terrible as it is, stand out before us. Let us no longer seek to cover it; let us no longer strive to forget it; let us no more dare to palliate it. It is better to meet it here with repentance than at the bar of God. The cry of the oppressed, of the millions who have perished among us as the brute perisheth. . . . Their blood is upon us as a nation; woe unto us, if we repent not, as a nation, in dust and ashes.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1833)

I say to you, you must save yourself, black or white, man or woman; other help is none. I esteem the occasion of this jubilee [emancipation of the West Indies Negroes] to be the proud discovery that the black race can contend with the white; that, in the great anthem which we call history, a piece of many parts and vast compass, after playing a long time a very low and subdued accompaniment, they perceive the time arrived when they can strike in with effect and take a master's part in the music.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1858)

The Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with *us*, in such contest [with insurgent slaves].

Thomas Jefferson

Complexion can in no sense be construed into crime, much less be rightfully made the criterion of rights. Should the people of color, through a revolution of Providence, become a majority, to the last I would oppose it upon the same principle; for, in either case, it would be equally reprehensible and unjustifiable—alike to be condemned and repudiated. It is JUSTICE I stand here to claim, not FAVOR for either complexion.

Charles Lenox Remond, a Negro Abolitionist (1842)

These men are all talk; what is needed is action—action!

John Brown (1858)

The Brown and Emerson quotations, above, are taken from the script of a Channel 13 educational TV series called "The Rise of the American Nation," given by Dr. James T. Shenton of Columbia University. All other quotations are from The Abolitionists, by Louis Ruchames, just published by Putnam.

REVOLUTION ON THE MARCH

Harvey Swados

West 130th Street is a residential block in the heart of Harlem. Here, on a sultry summer afternoon, you will find kids cruising on box scooters, teenagers licking on lollipops as they listen to transistors, adults sitting around card tables on the sidewalk, playing dominoes and bridge. Here, too, at number 170, you could find the general headquarters for the most massive popular demonstration ever planned in the history of the Negro people.

The Utopia Neighborhood Clubhouse, just off Seventh Avenue, is the recreation and welfare center of the Friendship Baptist Church of the Rev. Thomas Kilgore, Jr., a Harlem civil-rights leader and member of the Administrative Committee of the March on Washington, himself working out of town on the March, like Norman Hill, program director of CORE, and other key figures. Even draped with a banner and decked out with a sidewalk sign advertising the March, the center retains the air of dusty busyness and red-brick dinginess so characteristic of the social-work center. On the street floor the narrow corridor gives off onto three rooms: an office whose occupant during the month of August, the deputy director of the March, was somewhat inadequately protected by a sign proclaiming, March Office One Flight Up; a tiny kitchen; and a smallish back room. This room, opening on a littered back yard lined with fire escapes, and crowded with the usual clutter of cartons of booklets, rows of coat racks, an upright piano holding little vases with roses, and undertakers' folding chairs, has been the scene of a "summit meeting" of the Big Six who issued the call for the March, and of other sessions at least as important, if not as well publicized.

On the second and third floors, the black and white staff workers of the March, some paid but mostly volunteers, kept up a noisy clatter of typing, telephoning, message running and answering, and services for the press, radio, television. A stranger observing this activity

might have thought he had stumbled into a neighborhood betterment drive, or perhaps a Congressional campaign. Only the sight of representatives of the great news-gathering agencies of the country would remind him of the magnitude of the task undertaken by people who made up in dedication and resourcefulness for what they lacked in the comfortable accouterments of the political parties, the big unions, or the major welfare organizations.

Some of these workers, like Patty the pretty switchboard operator, had drifted in straight from college and were held by a growing conviction. Others, particularly the SNICK (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) kids, like Joyce, up from Greenwood, Mississippi, and bending her short-cropped head earnestly over a typewriter, were already veteran activists, who knew the insides of a variety of Southern jails more intimately than the average Harlem girl knows her neighborhood beauty parlor.

The core of the March staff consisted of a group that had already been involved with its deputy director, Bayard Rustin, in the Youth Marches for Integrated Schools in 1958 and 1959. They not only knew their leader's way of working, they had already had considerable experience with a variety of problems that, to the uninitiated, could seem unprecedented and hence cumulatively bewildering. They included a man who looks and talks like an organizer of the British Aldermaston marches. Dr. John Scott, who had become involved as a teacher with the Youth marches, and is chairman of the Public Affairs Commission of the Ethical Culture Society in Riverdale; and younger people like Pete Graham, who worked quietly through the day and half the night handling literature printing and distribution, buttons, posters and the rest; like Tom Kahn, a young white graduate of a Negro university (Howard), who sat at Rustin's right hand and steered incessant callers on three telephones, from Congressmen to Negro and union leaders, to or from his boss; like Rachelle Horowitz, using her vacation time from her

job at the Workers Defense League to line up transportation to Washington for thousands of New Yorkers and to guide inquiring Americans across the country in the complexities of getting themselves and their groups to and from the capital. (Rachelle is the kind of girl who could turn from negotiations with an interstate bus carrier for mass transport, to an elderly toothless Negro who had come in from the street to her desk to explain: "I'm going to march, but I've got bad diabetes and I can't take a bus because maybe it won't have a toilet. I haven't got a phone, what should I do?" and could take down his name and address carefully and assure him that she would let him know about a train seat.)

During the weeks preceding the March, the daily office routine of this group was often followed by a briefing session for New York area chairmen of various organizations — the one I attended, about half Negro, half white, was cramped and smoky but businesslike — come to report on the progress of their local endeavors ("We're holding a mass meeting across from Tompkins Square Park Saturday morning, we expect several thousand") and to find out about provisions for safety, the jobs of the captains and marshals, and health precautions ("Is it true people shouldn't put mayonnaise in their sandwiches?" "Right, it spoils quickly in heat and can cause diarrhea"). And after these, very possibly an evening staff meeting.

It was at these staff meetings, I think, that one could get the best sense of the working relationship between the sardonic, tireless fifty-three-year-old Rustin, arrested twenty-two times over the decades of his involvement in civil-rights battles but hardly known to the public, and his adoring band of predominantly very youthful subordinates; and of the creative interchange of ideas about all manner of problems, from whether to identify a crucial segment of the marchers, the unemployed, as such, to the need for strict financial control over the sale of buttons. Presiding, even lecturing, but listening too for ideas as he taught his followers,

Harvey Swados is the author of *False Coin, On the Line and Nights in the Gardens of Brooklyn* (Little Brown).

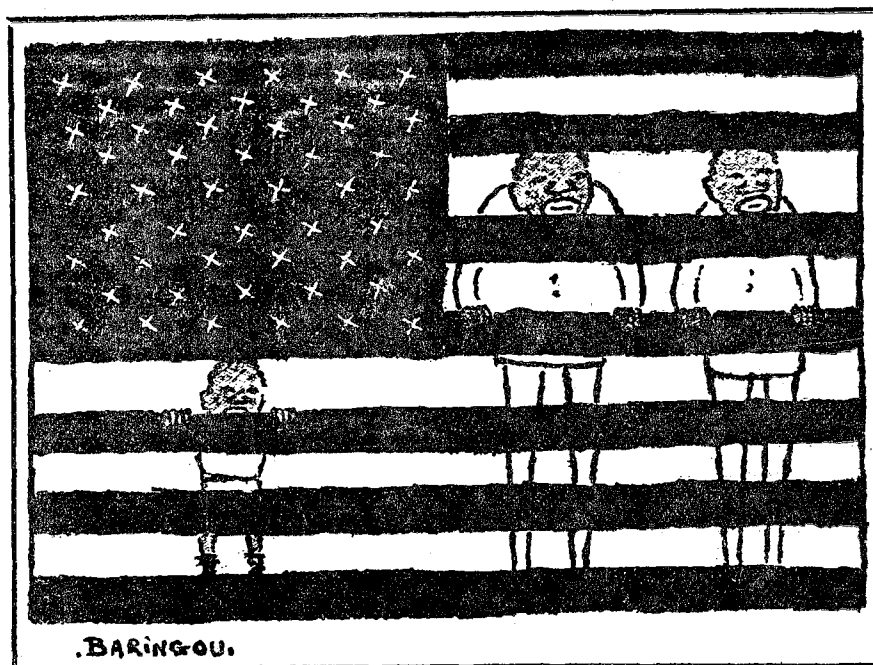
was Rustin, who had been encouraged back in 1946 by A. Philip Randolph, the father of the very March idea, to go on the first Freedom Rides, in the course of which he did time on a Carolina chain gang; and who had served from 1955 to 1960 as secretary to Martin Luther King.

A staff meeting which I sat in on was interrupted half a dozen times by phone calls from bigwigs and queries from newsmen, and finally by the arrival of Ossie Davis, the actor-playwright, with whom Rustin had an appointment. The upshot was a meeting of Davis, not just with Rustin but with the entire staff, who exchanged information with him on their needs and his requirements in terms of use of Broadway and Hollywood stars, timing, amplifying equipment and so on.

I think the mood could best be described, after some ten or twelve harried hours in the office with no time out for dinner, as one of gayety. This *élan*, this sense of participation in something that grew even as they planned for it, as with parents who discuss the future of their child while he sleeps, may help to explain why Rustin felt free to call on staff members to stay on even after the meeting to do what he took for granted himself as a matter of habit: draft letters, bulletins, plans for the next day's work, in the late quiet hours of the night.

Everyone came to this nerve center, everyone from the Big Six to Patrolman William Johnson, Jr., shrewd and amiable president of the Guardians, an organization of some eleven hundred New York Negro policemen, with an unofficial committee of his unofficial confreres, to plan control in Washington over unauthorized signs and slogans, protection of the one and a half miles of sound equipment and isolation of the sound tower from the throng, parking in the three perimeters laid out by the Washington police, and directing the lost back to their buses and trains.

My focus thus far has been on the narrow, stifling building on West 130th Street, and on the March's deputy director, Bayard Rustin, who, despite a driving mind ruthless as a clenched fist, was so



France Observateur

underrecognized that reporters were always nudging each other to ask who was the graying guy with the moustache and how you spelled his name, a name not to be found even in the index of Louis Lomax's book, *The Negro Revolt*, a name barely known even to the liberal supporter of civil rights until Strom Thurmond arose on the floor of the United States Senate to vilify it — and succeeded only in tightening the unity of the Negro leaders.

It should not be supposed, however, that it was only here and only among this small group that leadership was being exercised and efficient response given to the questions pouring in from across the country. In union offices, church headquarters and civil-rights and fraternal organizations, a smoothly interlocking directorate worked through the August weeks to coordinate plans in the New York area and provide guidance elsewhere.

George Meany and his automatic majority on the executive council of the AFL-CIO, with possibly the best will in the world and surely the worst understanding in the world, fought on for jobs and for the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1963 — but refused to endorse a public demonstration demanding jobs and civil rights, even though it had already been endorsed by everyone from Cardinal Spellman to politicians and unionists eager to tie the Negro to the New Frontier. But they could not prevent

constituent unions more closely attuned to the realities of a revolution from participating in the March (whether because of substantial Negro membership or because of a susceptibility to moral outrage greater than that to be encountered in the building-trades unions), or from helping at the very outset to overcome hesitations about the March even within the Negro community. Thus the International Union of Electrical Workers, the Furniture Workers, the United Auto Workers, the Fur Workers, the Packinghouse Workers, the Amalgamated, the International Ladies Garment Workers Union (which has had its troubles with the NAACP), the Transport Workers, the State, County and Municipal Workers and, perhaps most important, the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, were not only involved in the first mobilization meetings on July 2 and 25, but provided indispensable experience, skill, money and leadership.

The RWDSU is particularly worthy of note because its affiliates, such as the Drug and Hospital Workers, have been extremely militant and because as a result it now has in its ranks substantial numbers of Negroes (and of Puerto Ricans, otherwise very little heard from thus far in the Negro revolution). And also because its vice president, Cleveland Robinson, who is also secretary-treasurer of District 65, was liaison man between

the unions and Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and chairman of the Administrative Committee of the March—which, before it set up shop on 130th Street, began life in the office of District 65. Robinson, a gigantic black man with a surprisingly mellow West Indian voice, suffers from glaucoma and is down to about 10 per cent vision, but was devoting all of his massive undimmed energy to the March; he was to be found in and around the Harlem HQ, conferring with Rustin, signing checks, making policy decisions, taking phone calls, issuing statements, giving out interviews.

Meanwhile, at the RWDSU offices on West 40th Street, the editor of its paper, Max Steinbock, had taken over the detailed work of preparing accommodations for his members' participation in the March, as other union staffers were doing around the country. First he got from the Pennsylvania Railroad, with which he had already done business on job marches, a commitment for four trains, each seating one thousand people—half a dozen Pullmans, ten coaches, with seats given out on a first-come, first-served basis. Then he arranged for a box lunch (on the trip down) and a box supper (on the trip back) for each of the four thousand marchers, an official March button and a hat. Then, after figuring prices for a package deal, he had to prepare financial arrangements: hundreds of members bought the package tickets as individuals; locals bought blocks of tickets, some voting the money from their treasury, others raising it in collections to make sure that a substantial contingent of unemployed would march with their brothers, approximately two-thirds of whom would be Negroes—clericals, salesmen and salesgirls, shipping clerks, workers from small factories. Some shops, like Hudson Vitamin Company, informed him that they were shutting down for the day, and would permit workers to come in on Saturday if they wanted to, and make up for the lost time (for which the union could not reimburse them).

At the same time, while Jewish and Catholic leaders pressed forward, in the great pile of the Inter-church Center on Riverside Drive, Dr. Anna Arnold Hedgeman, con-

sultant with the Congregational Church and member of the Administrative Committee of the March, was serving as coordinator of the Church Assembly, charged by the National Council of Churches with shepherding 30,000 white (and some Negro) Christians into Washington. Dr. Hedgeman, a handsome woman whose eyes seem to have a permanent twinkle, was able to view her impending visit to Washington from the vantage point of one whose association with the city extends back to her days as a member of the "Black Cabinet" of the last Roosevelt Administration.

She is as unruffled by the revolution and her role as if she were arranging a bazaar instead of getting out mailings in lots of 75,000 and aiding planeloads, trainloads and busloads to demonstrate their solidarity in support of racial justice and witness to the national moral issue. As we spoke, she was interrupted, as all the others had been, by anxious phone calls from various points of the country—during the preceding week, she had been called by Protestant leaders in Columbus, Anderson, Utica, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Chicago, Detroit—and also in Cincinnati, Atlanta, North Carolina, Florida. Many Southern white Christians, she said, feel concern but have all too little opportunity to express it in their home place; it was important for them to learn, by coming to Washington, that they had white allies in other parts of the country. And that they let the Negro know, at least in this way, that he is not alone in his determination.

When I asked Mrs. Hedgeman about the Protestant churches' attitude toward those job demands of the March which, by comparison with civil rights, had been somewhat slighted—a massive Federal Public Works program, a Federal Fair Employment Practices Act, a new national minimum wage—she reminded me that the church had always been concerned with economics. "While we may not support every detail, the March leaders' economic demands have not been a problem to us—or we wouldn't have been willing to cooperate."

Everyone with whom I spoke agreed that, if money for their transportation were forthcoming, there would be an outpouring of Negroes for the March from the South

(two Freedom Trains were being organized, from New Orleans and Florida) far surpassing that from the rest of the country. But this meant outside help on a substantial scale beyond the \$125,000 that the March itself would cost (\$7,000 alone for mobile toilets, \$16,000 alone for sound equipment).

The Taconic Foundation and its president, Stephen R. Currier, already deeply involved in race-relations work and convinced that greater coordination was needed in Negro fund-raising activities, had succeeded, early in the summer, in persuading seven key Negro organizations to band together into the Council for Civil Rights Leadership and WELD (the Committee for Welfare, Education, and Legal Defense).

It is a question, though, whether such a marriage, useful and urgently necessary as it is for fund-raising and smooth coordination of such a complex enterprise as the March, could or ought to set limits to diversity in leadership or experimentation in programmatic development. I found that Mrs. Hedgeman was not alone in feeling that in a revolution new leadership emerges, on all sides and from all strata, and cannot be contained by the decisions of any ten men such as those who issued the call for the March.

Meanwhile, the joint efforts of talents as diverse as those of Cleve Robinson and Anna Arnold Hedgeman can be seen as symbolizing two of the many streams which, joining together, were destined to produce the mighty torrent of humanity flowing through Washington. The March itself, after all, came into being in a merging of two streams of thought and action: one led by A. Philip Randolph, who for two decades has planned and organized job marches on the capital and who originally conceived of an October, 1963, march of some 20,000, led by the Negro American Labor Council, for jobs; and one led by Martin Luther King and Roy Wilkins, both of whom, under pressure from below, decided to march against an expected Senate filibuster. On June 2, the two agreed to combine forces.

Ever since, as events have unfolded, including the efforts of the New Frontier to embrace and en-

velop the marchers, their demands have simultaneously broadened and become more specific. And it began to become clear that as the logic of the situation and the fervor of the young forced it onward, the March — that is, the grand coalition — would have to call not only for the Kennedy civil-rights bill, not only for more jobs in general terms, but for total civil-rights legislation and total economic demands surpassing anything conceived of by white liberals and well-intentioned officialdom, and involving a dislocation — with incalculable consequences — of the warfare-welfare state and its present power structure.

For myself, there was only one brief moment of depression during these exhilarating weeks. That came as I observed the white journalists, particularly on that day when they shoved, pushed, grumbled, complained, waiting for the meeting of the Big Six to break. They gave no sign that they understood that they were privileged to observe and report on the unfolding of a new epoch in American history. Had they been present at Valley Forge, I felt, they would have complained of the inadequate press facilities and of how the snow got in the way of making their Sunday deadlines. "You're the ones that want the publicity, aren't you?" asked the reporter of a great newspaper.

In its August 17 issue, *The New Yorker* magazine followed TV reporter Gabe Pressman through a day in his busy life, and went with him to that summit meeting at the Utopia Neighborhood Club:

Later, while waiting his turn,

along with other television representatives, to interview A. Philip Randolph, national president of the Negro American Labor Council and chairman of the march, Pressman mused on what to ask him. "I guess the best angle would be whether the Communists and Black Muslims are trying to take over the march," he said. "That's new. Well, not really new, but it may get a steamy answer." It didn't.

Earlier, Malcolm X had informed me coldly (and, I suspect, unhappily) on the telephone that the Black Muslims were not associated with the March. Obviously. But as I stood there, too, that day, listening to Pressman asking A. Philip Randolph, who at seventy-four has had a lifetime in the labor and Socialist movements, whether he was going to allow the miserable handful of American Communists to try to hoodwink him, and listening to another reporter asking James Farmer, director of CORE, a similar question, I could only wonder what chance the American people had of getting an understanding, in depth, of the new American revolution. For the people in that building, wearily attempting to cope with embarrassingly ignorant journalists, were for the most part—even the youngest among them—veterans of the Socialist Party or the Young Peoples Socialist League; and even those who were not, whether pacifists or activists or both, were committed against totalitarianism to their very marrow.

But then, less than five years have elapsed since Hannah Arendt, an authority on revolutions (at least, an author of scholarly books about them), was able to write: "However, the most startling part of the

whole business was the federal decision to start integration in, of all places, the public schools. It certainly did not require too much imagination to see that this was to burden children, black and white, with the working out of a problem which adults for generations have confessed themselves unable to solve." The historic photograph of a Negro girl being escorted to school, followed by a jeering mob, elicited from Miss Arendt this response:

The picture looked to me like a fantastic caricature of progressive education which, by abolishing the authority of adults, implicitly denies their responsibility for the world into which they have borne their children and refuses the duty of guiding them into. Have we now come to the point where it is the children who are being asked to change or improve the world? And do we intend to have our political battles fought out in the school yards?

Perhaps the lesson is that we ought all, even those of us who are scholars or journalists, to be a little humble; and if we are going to talk about revolutions, to attend to the revolutionists themselves, before we ask foolish questions.

I listened one day, at the March office, to John Lewis, the shy young chairman of SNICK, telling me that he expects a new generation of leaders even younger than himself to emerge from the rural South in the days ahead, and to emerge from those whose prospect will have been broadened by the experience of the March itself. "Everything we've done so far," he said to me, "has been preliminary, almost a rehearsal. On August 28 the curtain goes up on the first act of the revolution."

Labor Tries a Comeback Harry Bernstein

Los Angeles
Since the first of the year, the AFL-CIO has been conducting a low-keyed but persistent organizing drive in what is probably the fastest growing industrial region in the country—the bustling metropolitan area of Los Angeles. Success will mean more than the adding of a few hundred thousand members to

the ranks of organized labor. It could confound the growing number of critics, inside and outside unions, who believe the labor movement to be moribund at best or, at worst, altogether outdated by the technological revolution. It could, moreover, set an example for other areas of the country where unionization has failed to keep pace with the labor force.

This is the second time in almost as many years that the AFL-CIO

has chosen California as a battleground. In 1961, the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee stirred interest for several months by futile strikes and internal union squabbling as it tried to organize the state's farm workers. The drive failed for lack of manpower, money and sustained effort. The current campaign seems to have all three. A chest of \$400,000 has been built, half contributed by the national AFL-CIO and half by the fifty-seven

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participating international unions; the permanent organizing staff, numbering eighty last January, now numbers about 170; and eight months after the start of the campaign there is no sign of flagging interest or determination.

Actual organizing is being done by the actively participating unions—they number about forty, and include the AFL-CIO's largest internationals—under the general supervision of campaign headquarters. The industrial fields covered are four: soft goods (textiles, chemicals and other non-durables); hard goods (machinery, electronics, metals); government, and hotels and restaurants. Results for the first seven months have been encouraging, if not sensational. In this



period, bargaining rights have been gained in plants employing a total of 14,000 persons, of whom nearly 5,000 are government workers. (The ready response of government workers to the drive may be due in part to last year's Presidential order outlining procedures for governmental agencies to recognize and bargain with unions.)

These gains do not seem large in a region wherein, it is estimated, half of the 1,500,000 total labor force is non-union. But they signal the reversal of a trend, apparent in recent years, which found unions slowly losing ground to the influx of new, non-union workers, and in many cases losing more workers in NLRB elections than they gained. In the first quarter of this year, for instance, unions in the Los Angeles area won NLRB elections involving 2,077 workers, but lost others involving 2,199. In the second quarter, as the unionization drive gained momentum, victories involved

3,997 workers and losses added up to 3,803.

The statistics so far available show nothing conclusive. But, as William Gilbert, drive director, now says, "In many ways, the most important thing about this campaign is that it exists." Labor, for the time being at least, has regained some of its old proselyting spirit. And so far there has been a minimum of inter-union squabbles.

In many quarters, labor's general loss of militancy is ascribed to lack of militant leadership. This is only part of the story. In Los Angeles, as elsewhere, labor faces other problems: (1) the "good boss," whose pay scale and general treatment of employees are of a standard that lessens the lure of unions for his workers; (2) the as yet unbridged gulf between the growing army of white-collar workers and the old-style union leaders; and (3) the complex of problems presented by automation, which collective bargaining was never designed to solve.

In Los Angeles, the "good boss" problem presents especially formidable obstacles. In most plants, wages and working conditions are about as good as those provided under union contracts, and in some instances better. The arguments which the unions advance are that the "good boss" can turn bad at any time, that no individual is secure without a contract, and that in any case it is the pressure exerted by union contracts that creates the better pay and working conditions in the non-union plants.

These arguments are not new, of course. And neither is the counter-argument offered by management, i.e., why should the worker pay union dues to "corrupt outsiders" to get what they can get without joining a union? The truth is that this may be a new battle, but it is being fought with old weapons on familiar grounds. The unions are trying no new or unusual techniques; none has even been suggested. But the very difficulties of organizing under these conditions have sharpened some tactics, even if they have not uncovered new strategies. Unions have established training classes for organizers for the all-important task of finding competent, in-plant committees. These committees must then be able to pin down specific issues which

vitaly concern the majority of the workers in the plant involved. No "good boss" is so good that his workers are completely happy.

In an area so rich in defense contracts— aerospace and electronics especially—the professional workers, including engineers and technicians, would seem to be a natural objective for any union organizing drive. But the difficulties seem insurmountable.

The professionals are represented by associations which, as the years go by, act more and more like unions. But engineers by tradition don't like the word "union"; according to one engineering association official, 90 per cent of his members would have resigned if, a few years ago, it had been decided to call the organization a union. The word is perhaps less distasteful now than it was then, but not much. In any case, the associations themselves are not doing too well and are hard put to it to hold their own memberships.

In this area, the independent engineering associations have bargaining rights at only four major locations—Douglas, Lockheed, General Dynamics and the Los Angeles Department of Water and Supply. They have shown signs of militancy in only the last year or two, and promptly ran into difficulty. The latest trouble began when a petition was filed to split the lower-paid technicians from the engineers to form separate bargaining units. The result would vitally affect the organization involved—the Engineers and Architects Association (E.A.A.), which had been bargaining since World War II for about 5,000 technicians and professional engineers at General Dynamics in San Diego. The issue would also provide a good test of the attitude toward unions of the technicians and engineers, an attitude which neither the AFL-CIO organizers nor the association leadership seem to understand.

The first vote on the issue showed overwhelmingly that the engineers wanted no part of collective bargaining if it meant that they would have to make common cause with the technicians.

There followed separate votes by the engineers and technicians on whether each group wanted to retain the association as bargaining agent. The technicians said "yes" in all three divisions of the company,

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including Astronautics, the largest division. And the professionals, now rid of the technicians, seemingly indicated that they wanted to keep the association when they voted 1,733 "yes" to 1,591 for no union. But then a run-off was necessary in Astronautics because the American Federation of Technical Engineers, AFL-CIO, a late intervener in the election, had garnered 286 votes. In the run-off, the engineers voted against the E.A.A., 2,149 to 1,388.

What had happened was clear enough—and furnished a lesson to management. In the first go-round, the company had made no real campaign against the E.A.A. But when the first election turned out fairly close, management saw its chance and spoke out firmly in opposition to collective bargaining for professionals. Its arguments appear to have been persuasive.

The lesson for the association and the attentively watching AFL-CIO organizers was less clear. Some observers felt that the engineers had turned down the association because

it lacked militancy. An association representative said: "The trouble was we were just not giving any leadership at General Dynamics. I think the men want more, not less, militancy and unionism." This viewpoint seems to have been adopted officially by the other professional guilds and associations in the area. At Lockheed, for example, the Engineers and Scientists Guild noted, in a recent newsletter, that the average weekly wage of an engineer is about \$215 a week, and that a design specialist gets only \$7 a week more than a plumber. "The plumber," says the Guild, "has learned the effectiveness of collective bargaining."

Naturally, the AFL-CIO unions like to hear that kind of talk.

The future of the AFL-CIO organizing drive is closely linked to the attitudes of teachers, technicians, professional engineers and other white-collar workers who constitute the bulk of the unorganized workers here.

Responsible management repre-

sentatives are by now pretty much convinced that these attitudes are not pro-union, and that as a result the drive will fail to capture the white-collar workers and will only partially succeed among the unorganized blue-collar workers in service, government, hotels and restaurants and manufacturing. Indeed, management contends that the need for unions just no longer exists.

If one works at it hard enough, a persuasive argument can be made for the eventual death of almost any institution, including collective bargaining. But unionists are not convinced they are finished, or even on the way out. They see a permanent need for their organizations, and as one spokesman put it, "We could prove the point conclusively by disbanding all unions for a year or two to show the catastrophic results and how easy it would be to return to the era of the sweatshops."

And they also see in the current Los Angeles campaign a hint of an awakening of the labor movement, if not a full-scale union revival.

Disappearance of a Museum David Cort

A possible insight into the secret lives of the very rich was masked by a routine art announcement June 25, 1963: the Cooper Union Museum of Decorative Arts had asked the Metropolitan Museum of Art to help it dissolve itself, and the Metropolitan had agreed to "cooperate." Within a week the Metropolitan curators in the various departments began pawing over the Cooper Union collections (textiles, paintings, prints, drawings, ceramics, metalwork, wallpaper, jewelry and furniture). And suddenly "everybody" seemed to know that the Metropolitan was going to pay Cooper Union something "over \$2,000,000" for the whole thing.

There were a number of oddities or impossibilities or enormities about this proceeding that startled even the naive.

First, short of outright sale, an evaluation of one museum by a competitor is as objective as a second wife's opinion of a first wife.

Second, in decorative arts the Cooper Union collections are more generally used, better and more accessible (close to a subway station, though near the Bowery) than the Metropolitan's.

Third, removed from context, much of Cooper Union's collections will soon become junk.

Fourth, if the \$2,000,000 has any meaning, somebody is getting a bargain, because Cooper Union has twenty Winslow Homer oils and about 280 drawings and water colors. These might bring up to \$2,000,000 at auction. The remaining gravy would include the museum's 600,000 indexed picture-items and 30,000 objects of great worth. Actually, the only basis for the "over \$2,000,000" figure is that that is the museum's old insurance value.

Having thus proved that the "routine art announcement" is impossible, I must now endeavor to explain why it is possible.

This brings us to the secret lives of the rich and the noble calling of serving as a trustee for mu-

seums, opera companies, symphony orchestras, foundations and the like. These lists of trustees are fascinating. The same names reappear in a suggestive web, as do apparent conflicts of interest, but never the hidden ambitions for this peculiarly impotent form of power.

A real professional in this field is Arthur Amory Houghton, Jr., of the Corning Glass family, which has supplied two U.S. ambassadors. We might suppose that as a beneficiary from the mass-produced Corning glass, he would despise arts and crafts, but on the other hand he is president of Steuben Glass, largely a handicraft operation. Now look at his trusteeships: Cooper Union (chairman), Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Morgan Library, Parsons School of Design (chairman), New York Public Library and the Philharmonic Symphony. Every one of these, with the lone exception of the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, would benefit from picking up all or part of the Cooper Union collections. In particular, the Metropolitan trustees are aware that Ar-

David Cort's latest book is *Social Astonishments* (Macmillan).

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thur Houghton expects to be the next president of that museum, and that the Cooper Union transaction is his opening move in that direction. In addition, his own relatives' Corning Glass has a considerable museum development, for which they are very ambitious. And so, as the delicate operation wound into the open, where should Arthur Houghton be but in Europe?

One can still look at his house, at 3 Sutton Place, which gives him a J. P. Morgan connection because it was formerly the mansion of Anne Morgan, J. P.'s sister. It is one of the last "staffed houses" in New York, with twenty servants, when the old great families are down to no more than five. A sometime guest says there are no paintings in it, but a great deal of ceramics. It has a splendid coat of ivy, and the handle of the big front door is well polished. He also has a Maryland plantation, with both glass and grass.

Since Peter Cooper in 1859 founded his school "for ever devoted to the advancement of science and art," a lot has happened to both science and art. The day has passed when the Metropolitan was just a museum, hardly mentioned in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, while Cooper Union had a separate half-page entry, and was one of the glories of New York.

This school, which has never collected a penny for tuition, has not in over a hundred years run a deficit. A cold, neat grimness pervades the recent catalogues. Students must pay a small "materials fee" and make a "breakage deposit." I was told by the museum world that 80 per cent of its 1,300 students today are in engineering, the rest in arts, architecture and crafts; but actually the percentage is nearly 50-50. Its "science" side is a super-high school; just now it is offering a bachelor of science degree for the first time; the "art and architecture" side feeds the whole design world of New York, the American capital of design. And, after the museum has been looted, it is certain that Cooper Union will dissolve the art and architecture school. The memory of Peter Cooper will then be dead.

The late trustee, Irving S. Olds, first formed this opinion. It came to a head, ironically, when Cooper Union started a fund drive by ap-

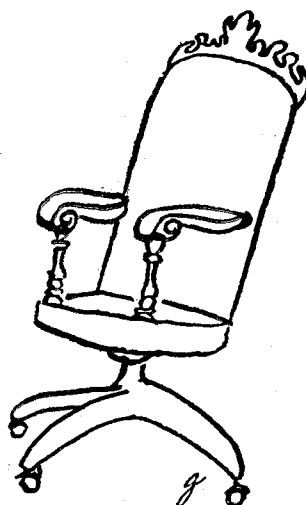
pealing to its presumably grateful alumni in 1957. A pre-drive reunion had been addressed by Buckminster Fuller on the theme, "The Union of Science and Art." It turned out that the engineering alumni had done well, loved to get together and paid in most of the money. The art and architecture alumni, here as everywhere, were nowhere near so rich, loyal, gregarious and generally beneficial to Cooper Union. The fund campaign conclusively demonstrated the superiority of engineering over art.

Now, the rich trustees of Cooper Union, as of any other institution, have the unanimous conviction that anybody without money must be some kind of nut. (They can't help it.) The fund campaign, which had produced \$6,000,000 (mostly from friendly corporations) by June, 1960, persuaded the trustees that arts and crafts, in the money way, are no good.

At this point the former president, Edwin S. Burdell, was shuffled off to a technical university in Ankara, Turkey, and the trustees ran Cooper Union for a year. When they finally brought in a new president, Richard F. Humphreys, it was a man who brought to the fairly elementary needs of the engineering students a specialist's status in "the ultracentrifugation of isotopes," and to the art and architecture students, presumably, a blank stare. And it had taken a year to find this man in the welter of experienced American educators. Trustee Olds died, and Arthur Houghton took his place.

This ends the demonstration of how the impossible is possible.

But since we are really interested



in the connection between art and the very rich, this is only a beginning.

The patron giant of American art museums was unquestionably J. Pierpont Morgan who, by 1920, put the Metropolitan Museum of Art on the way to becoming the greatest signed-art museum in the world. (I report this last claim, but I don't quite believe it.) The usual euphoria has bewitched the Metropolitan curators and spread to the trustees, and they imagine that they are alone in the world. They would like to gobble up the Guggenheim, Whitney and Modern Art museums, but find themselves confronted by the basalt fronts of the Guggenheim, Whitney and Rockefeller power; and remember, the Metropolitan trustees may bob up again on the boards of the Guggenheim or Rockefeller Foundations, as for example Houghton does. The Metropolitan, however, is expanding wherever it can, possibly at the expense of Cooper Union, certainly in its new library building. It feels monolithic, and its trustees, among them Houghton, feel monopolistic. The trouble is as simple and childish as that.

The Morgan interest, represented by the Morgan Library, is now passive but wry, since J. P. Morgan in 1902 gave the Cooper Union Museum three great collections of medieval and Coptic fabrics, which may now be dispersed.

The large question is whether science and art are hopelessly divided and whether science (and engineering) has buried arts and crafts.

On the practical level, we see the onrush of automation, the increase of leisure, the search for outlets for surplus human energy and talent. In sober probability, we can expect a vast resurgence in arts and crafts just about the time Cooper Union has, for its purposes, liquidated arts and crafts and finally betrayed Peter Cooper's dream.

The history behind Peter Cooper's conception is important. This goes back to Louis XIV, who responded to a depression in the French silk industry by buying and expanding the Gobelin factory and founding royal and provincial academies of arts and crafts. These still exist. His system reached England with the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851, and the founding of the

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South Kensington Museum (Victoria and Albert), today the greatest decorative-arts museum in the world, in handicrafts, architecture, porcelain, ironwork, glass, etc.

With these models in mind, Peter Cooper imported a Frenchman to advise him on his school and collections. In the same spirit, his granddaughters Sarah and Eleanor Hewitt in 1897 organized the museum to house the collections. J. P. Morgan's devotion to beautiful objects was in this identical spirit in the same period and was what made the Metropolitan Museum great.

On the theoretical level, C. P. Snow's famous doctrine that science and art are hopelessly divided is increasingly understood as the intellectual surrender of a one-eyed pedant. Science may be described as measure, art as fantasy; but the highest science may also be described as fantasy, and the highest art as measure. Mathematics is a kind of music. Every atom is an exquisite and monstrous work of art, as are also the Earth, the solar system and the universe. Thus, after the scientists and artists have stumbled and fumbled past all the errors and come into the clear, they find that their subjects are one subject.

Some indication that this is the prevailing view at the highest levels is given by the fact that members of the National Science Foundation

plan to form a National Arts and Humanities Foundation.

On both the practical and theoretical levels, not to mention honor and tradition, one begins to perceive that the Cooper Union trustees are making monkeys of themselves. It is difficult to violate simultaneously past, present and future, but they are bringing off this crucial trick.

The trustees in question are our friend, Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., chairman, Frank W. Abrams, Daniel Maggin and Harrison Tweed. A surprisingly small group, and not exactly Peter Cooper's sort.

This was soon brought to their attention. The art editor of *Life*, Dorothy Seiberling, courageously headed a story, "Scheme to Scuttle a Museum," July 13, 1963, and the Cooper Union people immediately complained to her superiors.

The usual committee of the better elements, Committee to Save the Cooper Union Museum, clumsily took shape, but it could mobilize some power in its president, Henry F. du Pont, head of the house of du Pont and of the Wilmington, Del., Winterthur Museum of Decorative Arts.

A more openly embattled committee, the Greenwich Village Committee, descended on Cooper Union's president, Richard Humphreys, who "refused them admission to the museum and discouraged attempts to interview museum personnel."

The museum people to whom I

spoke sounded nearly in tears but firmly passed me on to the public-relations officer, who was good at his job.

The line of Cooper Union President Humphreys was that nothing was happening, but that nobody was permitted to watch it not happen. The sachems of the Metropolitan, the sachems of Cooper Union, were sitting around their secret council fires, brooding interminably, grunting, staring into the fire; and nothing was going to happen—until some silent midnight when everybody else had got tired and gone away.

The only weakness of the Cooper Union trustees is that the institution was given an enabling charter by the Legislature of the State of New York, and is given certain funds annually by the City of New York. They are, therefore, answerable to law and government. The summary disposal of the museum may also violate the terms of the wills of various donors. The formidable ghost of J. P. Morgan may appear. The Cooper Union affair may have to be solved in court, if the trustees do not first recollect their sense of honor and the memory of Peter Cooper, whose ghost is already present.

This will certainly not be a nice spectacle, if the little rich men dare to defy the magnificent old ghosts, pitting the little plots against the dead men's grand designs.

Legacy of Imperialism

THE RHODESIAN TRAP . . . Arthur Keppel-Jones

The course of events in South Africa has often been likened to the plot of a classic tragedy. In the case of Southern Rhodesia the resemblance is closer still. The shape of the plot was determined by the manner in which the country was taken over and occupied in the 1880s and '90s, by its location between South Africa and Black Africa, and by the timing of its history in relation to the march of events elsewhere. These

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factors have caught the Rhodesians, white and black, in a trap from which it is impossible at present to see a way of escape.

On the last day of 1963, the unlucky Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland will be dissolved. From the moment that this prospect became certain, last March, the white Southern Rhodesians demanded of Britain that they be given full independence as soon as they had recovered their separate identity. The public replies of the responsible British Minister, R. A. Butler, were noncommittal.

Then another note was sounded

by the African Summit Conference at Addis Ababa. It invited "the colonial powers, particularly the United Kingdom with regard to Southern Rhodesia, not to transfer the powers and attributes of sovereignty to foreign minority [i.e., white] governments imposed on African peoples by the use of force and under cover of racial legislation." Further, "If power in Southern Rhodesia were to be usurped by a racial minority government, the states members of the Conference would lend their effective moral and practical support to any legitimate measures which the African nationalist leaders may

devise for the purpose of recovering such power and restoring it to the African majority."

The word to notice in these resolutions is *power*, for the Rhodesian dilemma stems from it. Southern Rhodesia is not a replica of South Africa, still less of Mississippi. It is true that the white population of 221,000 controls the machinery of state, and that in some respects the country has a bad record of racial discrimination. But its recent development has been in the direction of breaking down the color bar. What has been achieved in this way—in employment, sport, some hotels, theatres and other amenities, the University College, a partial abandonment of segregation in land, fifteen Africans in a legislature of sixty-five—seems trivial to African nationalists, but in comparison with South Africa, and with Rhodesia itself only a short time ago, represents almost unbelievable progress.

This development could probably have been carried much further if the African nationalists had wanted it to be. Sir Edgar Whitehead went to the polls in December, 1962, with an undertaking to repeal the Land Apportionment Act, the principal buttress of white supremacy apart from the electoral laws. He was defeated. It had been estimated that 60,000 Africans qualified for the vote, but because of the nationalist boycott of the new constitution, fewer than 3,000 voted. If the nationalists had chosen the other course they, and not Whitehead's United Federal Party, would have won the fifteen lower-roll seats; but because of the cross-voting of the two rolls, Winston Field's Rhodesian Front could have lost several upper-roll seats to the U.F.P., and so have lost the election. Then the nationalists would have held the balance of power, and could have supported Whitehead in repealing the Land Apportionment Act.

That outcome was at least a strong possibility. But the chance was deliberately missed because the nationalists are no longer interested in any change but "taking over." The issue is not now the common problem of plural societies, integration *versus* segregation. Southern Rhodesia presents the picture, even more strikingly than Lord Durham's Canada, of "two nations



warring in the bosom of a single state."

At the last election, 44 per cent of the Europeans voted for a policy of integration which they knew would be far-reaching in its effects. Many of them have consciously accepted the prospect of an African majority in the electorate in "the foreseeable future," which has been interpreted as fifteen years; but always on the assumption that the Africans would fit into, and continue to work with, the existing forms of state and society. The whites will not accept this revolutionary overturning. But the politically conscious Africans will accept nothing less.

The whites enjoy a standard of living comparable to that of North America. Like every large European community in Africa, they have surrounded themselves with the apparatus of Western civilization—buildings, roads, plumbing, shops, amenities of all kinds—which are harder to find in the purely black countries. They have enjoyed self-government, Parliamentary institutions, civil and political liberties and the rule of law for forty years. White liberalism means admitting Africans to share these things, keeping everything in the Rhodesian way of life except the color bar.

It is the tragedy of Rhodesia that the color bar is really the pin that holds this structure together. The average income of the 3,600,000 Africans is less than one-fortieth of the European average; Africans in employment have one-tenth of the European income. The white standard has depended on a system of legally entrenched privilege. The

country does not have the resources to give any significant percentage of its population a standard within hailing distance of that of the present elite. These inequalities could not long survive "one man, one vote."

Again, a community with Western political values has good reason for rejecting the alternatives that can now be seen in some of the countries that Africans are running in their own fashion: leader-worship, imprisonment of the opposition, intimidation of critics, friendly relations with Peking. But to ward off the revolution Southern Rhodesia, in the last four years, has blotted its statute-book with some of the most ferocious laws in the Western world. Civil and political liberty and the rule of law have been defended by abandoning them. The most dictatorial African leader would hardly want to do more than enforce the present laws against their authors. Liberalism grows only in a favorable soil, which Rhodesian granite does not provide.

The African solution to the problem is for Britain to bestow on the colony a new constitution with universal suffrage. The whites counter this with a demand for full independence, as a member of the Commonwealth, under the existing regime. If independence were given on these terms, the Southern Rhodesian nationalists would set up in Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, a government-in-exile which would probably be widely recognized. And another consequence, threatened by African members of the Commonwealth, is that they might leave it.

To concede the white Rhodesian demand could therefore be very dangerous to the Commonwealth and to Britain's influence in the world. But the opposite course is beset with equal difficulties.

When Southern Rhodesia received responsible government in 1923, the Crown retained rights of disallowance (or veto) and the Governor was obliged to "reserve for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure" certain classes of acts, notably those discriminating on grounds of race. Though the veto was never exercised under that constitution, it had a deterrent effect: legislation was sometimes preceded by consultations with London. The Crown also retained, and exercised, the power of amending the consti-

tution. In 1962, however, Southern Rhodesia acquired a new constitution, conferred by the Crown in terms of a British Act of Parliament. This included various checks on future, though not past, discriminatory legislation. In return, the old controls from London were abandoned, though the British Government retained the right of veto on constitutional amendments in certain defined circumstances. Southern Rhodesia will therefore emerge from the Federation more independent than when it entered. But its autonomy will depend essentially on convention, in most respects like that of the old Dominions before the Statute of Westminster. In law, Britain will retain the right to legislate for the colony until she formally abandons it. This is what the dispute is about.

The convention which prevents Britain from interfering in Southern Rhodesia is of a kind that has come to be regarded as inviolable; it was the very instrument which, before 1931, turned Empire into Commonwealth. It would not be questioned now, but for the appearance of a new value to set against it—the insistence of the non-white nations that the removal of everything savoring of white supremacy is an obligation so sacred as to outweigh all others. Because of this, the white Rhodesians want legal form to be given to their *de facto* independence.

Britain will hardly risk this. But it is doubtful if the alternative, the African solution, exists in practice. The armed forces of Southern Rhodesia are locally controlled and recruited. Upholding the existing regime is their chief function. And even if Britain could fly an army in, one could hardly expect to see Tommies shooting their own brothers in the streets of Salisbury.

One answer to the conundrum has been thought of: independence in return for a sufficient extension of the franchise. But the whites are unwilling to pay the price. To do nothing, to let events take their course within the existing framework, is hardly easier for Britain than the other alternatives; for she then carries responsibility without power, she becomes the whipping-boy of the Afro-Asian bloc without having the means to buy off their hostility.

This is a Gordian knot. Who will

cut it? The answer would depend on a correct assessment of the relative determination and staying-power of all the parties involved.

It can be assumed that the African states will keep up their pressure on Britain and, if Britain withdraws, their "effective moral and practical support" to a revolutionary movement. The concession of independence without conditions by the present British Government is unlikely but not inconceivable; by a future Labour regime, if it inherited the problem, almost inconceivable. The present Southern Rhodesian Government is more—perhaps much more—strongly supported now than when it was returned to power; it will not be thrown out. Will Mr. Field, then, (a) pay Britain's price for independence, or (b) declare independence *contra mundum*? In either case, could Southern Rhodesia weather the storm?

South Africa has a strong interest in keeping the buffer state going, but in a military showdown would have an even stronger interest in minding her own business. Intervention across the Limpopo would bring her into the official contact with enemies that she must at all costs avoid. Annexation of Southern Rhodesia, though possible as a last desperate resort, is unlikely. The Rhodesian pattern of race relations would be difficult for South Africa to digest or to change, and the traditional antipathy of the very British Rhodesians to Afrikaner nationalism dies hard.

This last point is an obstacle, too, to the "Boston Tea Party" that has been spoken of. The white Rhodesians want the Crown and Commonwealth, and the Rhodesian way of life too; they will not easily bring themselves to choose one and reject the other. At the same time there are factors that point to an

independence of spirit that could induce them to hold out to the last. The whites of Southern Rhodesia, unlike those of Northern Rhodesia or Kenya, conquered their country themselves. It was never in fact based on treaties of cession by chiefs, nor was it pacified for the settlers by imperial forces. This circumstance gives the community a greater tenacity, a stronger sense of rightful possession (whether justified or not) than it would have in the other case. This is fortified by pride in material achievements and by forty years of self-government.

Against this weighs another factor which, if one is forced to choose, might be picked as the decisive one. The tenacity and the pride are, of course, strongest in the "old Rhodesians." But those born in the country form less than a third of the white population; they are outnumbered even by the postwar immigrants. There must be very few in the whole community who have no close family ties and roots in South Africa or Britain. Very many went to Rhodesia, and are there still, because it offered them a good living. Very many would leave as soon as it ceased, or threatened to cease, to do so—whether there were a threat of African nationalism or not. In the early months of this year, the Federation's net loss of Europeans by migration was at the rate of 300 a month. The coming changes have cast their economic shadows before. Building operations in Southern Rhodesia, for instance, have ground almost to a halt.

It is generally expected that the dissolution of the Federation, together with the unfriendliness of the northern neighbors, will set the Southern Rhodesian economy back a long way. This will speed up the rate of emigration. A break with the Commonwealth and its sheltered markets would have further drastic effects. Thus Mr. Field's weapons may come to pieces in his hands. The tenacity of the old Rhodesians is likely to weigh less in the political scale than the mobility of those who have not yet struck deep roots. At one stage or another, this factor may force the government to make concessions. But the concessions will be one more spur to emigration. Before the last election there was talk among farmers of leaving if Whitehead won. Currency control



Parker

(Continued on page 120)

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Novels of a Dead Revolution

Joseph Sommers

Mexico City
In their struggles with the seeming perversities and contradictions of Latin American psychology, Alliance for Progress economists and political scientists might learn much from the Colombian historian, Germán Arciniegas, who writes:

To understand what is going on within these strata of Indian and mestizo . . . population, in their economic as well as their human aspects, and to grasp the motives that inspire them to revolt, one must turn to the novel. In Latin America the novel is often a more accurate document than the history book. It has its origin at the points of greatest tension and sensitivity, and explains what goes on in the mind of the peasant and the masses.

It is interesting to apply this observation to President Kennedy's important statement during his successful Mexican visit last year. In an apparently liberal historical interpretation, the President singled out the Mexican Revolution as an example of progress whose achievements can serve as a model for other Latin American nations.

But contrasting and even contrary evaluations are implicit in the three novels which critics have acclaimed as the outstanding Mexican works of 1962. *Barren Lands*, by Agustín Yáñez, details the psychology of the rural *campesino* as he witnesses the downfall of an old-style *cacique* (political and economic boss) and the coming of a new one, on the heels of the revolution. *The Death of Artemio Cruz*, by Carlos Fuentes, recounts the career of a *nouveau riche* industrialist who climbs, with his revolutionary credentials, into the powerful urban middle class. And in *Service of Darkness* Rosario Castellanos focuses on the largely non-aculturated Tzotzil Indians of southerly Chiapas. These works, each having some as-

pect of the revolution for a background, provide a convenient panoramic view. They take into account the key constituent elements of modern Mexico: the expanding metropolis, the countryside, and the remote but numerous highlands Indian communities.

These are not, however, "novels of the revolution" in the episodic, blood-and-guts sense that prevailed twenty-five years ago. Mexican letters are now in the hands of a younger, craft-minded generation, sensitive to literary influences from the United States and Europe. They seek to create substantial literary characters, to uncover psychological idiosyncrasies, and through them to get at larger, more complex truths. While in each of the three novels there is an implied attitude toward the revolution, this was not the central artistic concern of the authors. It is, however, the main consideration here.

Agustín Yáñez, born in 1904, holds a high political post in the Secretariat of President López Mateos. His record as governor of his native state, Jalisco (1953-59), was uncommon for its honest and effective administration. Yáñez, a serious, introspective man, has taught literature and aesthetics at the National University. An earlier novel, *The Edge of the Storm*, already translated into French, will be published in the United States this year by the University of Texas Press. His most successful novels have been those in which he elaborated a remarkable sensitivity for rural Mexico, its eroded landscape, its earth-bound peasants and their superstition-ridden variant of folk Catholicism.

Barren Lands is that kind of book. Set in the 1920s, the action occurs over the period of the agricultural year, with the perennial changes which this cycle brings in human occupations, landscape, personal moods and physical and spiritual security. The plot traces the decay and destruction of a *cacique* who had held his region in despotic grasp. He is swept away by a new and more potent *cacique* who rides the waves of progress and employs the new political tactics of the Mexican Revolution.

The novel alternates between the narration of exterior events and the examination, by interior monologue, of psychological conflicts within the protagonists. These monologues, often projecting far into the past, extend the narrative scope to cover four generations.

Yáñez has created a human study of the universal conflict between tradition and progress, between land and the machine. The new boss brings in electricity and hopes to exploit the region's mineral wealth. Implicit in *Barren Lands* is a series of questions. As the old pattern of pastoral simplicity disappears, along with its concomitant magical superstitions and home-grown saints, must it be replaced by a cult of the machine? Can the psychology and the nature of a *campesino* change as rapidly as technology seems to demand? Did the revolution merely pave the way for a new, more up-to-date tyranny?

Carlos Fuentes, already known to readers of *The Nation* for his political articles, is an important and outspoken figure in the independent Mexican Left. A man in his early thirties, with brilliant and maturing creative talent, Fuentes faces a literary future of great possibilities. His widely discussed novel, *Where the Air Is Clear*, was published in English in 1960 by Obolensky. Currently he has three works of fiction in varying stages of preparation.

In the peculiar aura of imminent death, his present novel reviews the career of Artemio Cruz during his last moments. The dying man, at random and in the order dictated by an agonized mind, contemplates the nature and meaning of his eventful existence. Poetic, often obscure language frequently violates logic and the sequence of time in favor of the subconscious.

The plot develops in reverse chronology, and the final series of events — which illuminate all that had transpired before — deal with the childhood of Cruz. A tone of philosophical anguish colors the action as the protagonist, guilty and unfulfilled, looks back at the revolutionary career which he abandoned in mid-trajectory in exchange for personal gain. His son had finished out the trajectory, dying with the Loyalists in Spain, while the father's latter-day

Joseph Sommers, a member of the Romance language faculty of the University of Washington, is spending the current academic year studying the contemporary Mexican novel under a grant from the Foreign Area Fellowship Program.

activities included strike-breaking and commercial manipulation.

For Carlos Fuentes the middle class, with equal parts of vitality and cynicism, has diverted the main stream of the revolution into narrow channels of self-interest. In return for contributing the economic organization and attracting outside help, the Artemio Cruz crowd appropriates the major share of the returns. Increasingly ignored, although never abandoned, are the original aims of the upheaval which made possible their accession to power. The past hundred years — for the novel sweeps back into the nineteenth century — contain a portentous historical parallel. The Juárez reform period gave way to the Porfirio Díaz dictatorship. And the revolution, which overthrew Díaz in the name of renewed and deeper reforms, has now created its own new monster.

Rosario Castellanos was already established as a poet when she turned to fiction in 1957, at the age of thirty-two. Her first novel, *The Nine Guardians*, was published in the United States by Vanguard in 1959. It has also been translated into German and French. *Service of Darkness*, like her earlier work, is related to personal experiences in Chiapas, as a child and later with the *Instituto Nacional Indigenista*.

Unlike most Mexican novelists of the Indian, she avoids the pitfalls of idealization, romanticism, picturesque and crude naturalism. With objectivity and human comprehension, she defines her Tzotzil protagonist, Catalina, in terms of her indigenous culture and religious and social customs, as well as in her response to the universal problem of childlessness.

The sequence of events is set against the corroded social pattern in the highlands region surrounding San Cristóbal, where relations between Indian and *ladino* (the Indian term for non-Indians) are precarious. Feeble government attempts toward agrarian reform arouse profound antagonism among the aristocratic landholders, and vague hopes in the younger generation of dispossessed Indians. Errors and prejudices of a *ladino*-oriented clergy lay the groundwork for a mystical Tzotzil cult of newly uncovered pre-Hispanic images. The inevitable Indian uprising is quashed and the novel ends in collective tragedy, blended with the individual anguish or death of the leading characters — except for the principal

landholder, who consolidates his gains through an alliance with the state political hierarchy.

The novel has a clearly historical setting: the era of Cárdenas, the flowering of the revolution. Yet time and chronology are subordinated to a different phenomenon — the transformation within the Indian collective consciousness of reality into myth, a process by which the Tzotzil can live with his inherited culture, converting the defeats of history into dark, timeless legends. Rosario Castellanos is critical of the revolution. Its ineffectual measures destroy the already tenuous equilibrium, forcing an official *rapprochement* with reaction, on terms which insure a firm grip over the Indians. In the author's view, progress can find no compromise with semi-feudalism. The future alternatives are continued anguish or radical reform.

As the foregoing comments indicate, these are not primarily "social novels," but imaginative literary creations. The facts of life in modern Mexico, however, offer support to the thesis of Germán Arciniegas. Today's centrist government continues to espouse land reform, but changes come slowly to the centuries-old rural atmosphere reflected in the Yáñez novel. There still exists a deep-rooted agricultural primitivism, in which it is possible for an ambitious individual with political influence to accumulate land and become a powerful modern *cacique*. The recent repeated marches on the capital by thousands of ag-

Evensong

In late afternoon, when the light
no longer has a source, but is brushed
like a glowing powder onto leaves
and housefronts, a cock-cardinal
in the scone of a dead tree-top
flickers like a wick, and calls his hen
to roost. Or simply calls.
On a wire spanning my lawn
from maples to blue-spruce, a dove
repeats its slow priestly sound
for some minutes of this world,
then leaves it. One by one
the bright dusts wear off. Trees
and sky enlarge toward one another,
mass into one shadow.

The ardor of this world looked at
in the moving meaninglessness
of light and of the lives
that sing to it, and leave,
is, finally, the grace there is.

John Ciardi

grieved peasants from the north indicate that the implicit questions of *Barren Lands* have relevance to contemporary agrarian problems.

The urban Mexico City which dazzles American tourists with its cosmopolitan modernity and its giant university — evidences of the middle class — also houses a more prosaic but equally significant population sector: the poor. An unusually penetrating insight into the life of this sector is offered in the recent book by Oscar Lewis, an American anthropologist. *The Children of Sánchez*, a study of Mexican poverty, analyzes the status of those urban millions who have not been fortunate enough to make their way into the increasingly powerful, articulate and autonomous upper social group which Carlos Fuentes treats fictionally.

A visitor to the Chiapas highlands now finds more schools, medical stations and anthropologists, but he also finds the government program among 162,000 Tzotzil-Tzeltal Indians operating on an annual budget of approximately \$150,000. The fertile valley lands are cultivated by *ladinos*, while the Indians continue pre-Hispanic slash-and-burn agriculture on steep mountain slopes. To supplement their income, as did Pedro González Winik-tón in Castellanos' novel, they work under extremely unfavorable conditions on the lowlands coffee estates. In fact, considering that progress in the center and north of Mexico has outstripped the slight advances in Chiapas over these two decades, it is possible that the cultural and economic gap between the two regions is now even greater than before.

One cannot generalize broadly on the basis of three novels; on the other hand they represent more than coincidence. Similarities can be found in the works of half a dozen other authors, including some of the most promising on the literary scene.

A reasonable deduction is that a significant number of Mexican intellectuals today — with varying political viewpoints — see the revolution from a perspective which is critical and questioning. Unlike the political leaders, they consider the revolution a phenomenon of the past — a period of dramatic and fruitful change which came to an end when Lázaro Cárdenas left office in 1940. Succeeding decades, they feel, have witnessed an inequitable consolidation of revolutionary gains, and a failure to achieve many original goals.

Beatrice Webb's America

BEATRICE WEBB'S AMERICAN DIARY, 1898. Edited by David A. Shannon. University of Wisconsin Press. 181 pp. \$4.50.

Saul Bellow

The Sidney Webbs came to the United States in 1898 to have a look at American institutions; they had already published their study, in fifteen volumes, of local government in England. Crossing the Continent, they continued westward to Australia and New Zealand on a trip around the world. Beatrice Webb kept a daily record of her impressions, a document which might have been left to us by one of Shaw's beautiful bluestocking heroines. Mrs. Webb, gently bred, daughter of a railway magnate, rejected the life (was it a life?) of a leisured Englishwoman and scorned the idea of a conventional and proper marriage. "When I turned to social investigation as my craft in life," she wrote in *My Apprenticeship*, "it was just my experience of London Society that started me with a personal bias effectually discounting, even if it did not wholly supersede, my father's faith in the social value of a leisured class."

Judging by this diary, Mrs. Webb never quite succeeded in changing her social complexion. Congressional leaders in Washington, bosses in New York, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco she described with a note of patrician condescension, a sort of socialistic snobbery. She reminded me often of Tolstoy as he is described in Gorki's memoirs — the grand seigneur in peasant garb. Faultfinding, humorless, self-important, she was still a shrewd and observant woman, with a quick grasp of new and complicated situations. After a week in Boston she concludes a brilliant discussion of the political scene there with the following summary:

Boston is administered by public spirited and well-informed brains, and corrupt and inefficient hands. The city of Boston is in fact governed by its aristocracy working through a corrupt democracy.

How she must have astonished the bosses, who thought they were enter-

Saul Bellow is the author of *Dangling Man*, *The Victim*, *The Adventures of Augie March*, *Henderson the Rain King*, other novels and many short stories.

taining — or giving the brush-off to — a pretty English visitor, and found the glad hand ignored by this formidable inquisitor who demanded information about the police, the voters, patronage, sewage and paving.

She quickly discerned the inordinate powers of Congressional committees, the dangers of bureaucracy, the complacency of the public toward graft, the power of business in government. She also noted "the American contempt for the vested interests or 'established expectations' of the individual citizen. Private enterprise is permitted to trample on the individual. . . ." She was shrewd, too, in her observations of the businessman and manager. She noted in Pittsburgh ("a veritable Hell of a place") the militant arrogance of the people who got things done at the Carnegie Mills, the "brainworkers." Carnegie himself she thought a "rep-tile." Her portraits of such types have nothing old-fashioned about them. The attitudes of "private power" are evidently little changed.

But she was not more flattering in her estimates of a man like Altgeld, who immediately seemed to her "a cross between a working man and a dissenting minister," who lacked "personal dignity and a certain 'savoir faire.'" Mrs. Webb tended to judge the intellectual and moral qualities of people by the polish of their social harness. Woodrow Wilson pleased her; Teddy Roosevelt made her enthusiastic — he was "deliciously racy." Thomas Reed, Speaker of the House, she thought would make a "fairly good cashier." "He is said to be pious; he may be honest: but he does not matter." Idle American women she described as painfully dull creatures, hardly worth one's notice, "without intellectual curiosity or public spirit."

A word about her style. On the whole it is precise and sharp: Cornell students are "well-mannered but somewhat unhealthy looking youths, bad teeth, spotty complexions, narrow chests and sloping shoulders." Robert Lincoln "floated on his father's reputation into a position of importance. He had the ill-humour of continuous over-feeding and over-drinking: the hard uninspired intelligence of a complete materialist." Joseph W. Bailey, House minority leader, "to English eyes, looks a cad of the worst

description, a strange combination of a low-class actor and rowdy stump orator."

Her explanations of the American political setup are invariably lucid and to the point. The diary contains a memorable description of San Francisco, a brief history of Hawaii, and a lively, spirited and interested report of a meeting with one of the wives of a Mormon elder, who was herself a doctor and was running against her husband in an election for the state senate. Mrs. Webb allows the lady to tell her own story, a fascinating one, and concludes that she was a "pure-minded little soul," but probably had no political ability and only a fragmentary medical knowledge. Mrs. Webb's high-mindedness here is redeemed only by her remark about polygamy — "Only one bull is required for twenty cows."

It would seem that the farther west Mrs. Webb traveled, the greater was her freedom from the self-imposed obligation to compare everything she saw with the English experience. Insular and provincial as she was, the crossing of the Rockies seems to have liberated her mind and her style. West of the Rockies, too, the Webbs were relieved of their single-minded pursuit of the facts of local government in the United States (Washington was something of a disappointment: "An unfortunate time to be at Washington, seeing that all the politicians to whom we have introductions are completely absorbed in Cuba"), and Mrs. Webb could relax a little. Bryce and de Tocqueville looked more penetratingly into American institutions. Mrs. Webb was not a generous observer; what her journal does not lack, however, is intelligence and charm.

DANCE

Faubion Bowers

It has become fashionable these days to talk about — and attend — Theatre of the Absurd. Sartre started the phrase and meant something serious, if debatable: man can accept responsibility for his life and acts only when aware of the world's absurdity. A good many plays so designated have nothing to do, really, with this thesis. Any new, off-beat, odd-ball or otherwise unusual happening in the theatre, funny or sad, is Absurd. The term sticks because it is convenient.

The NATION

In dance, the most orphaned of theatre arts, enough zany and incomprehensible, but enjoyable, performances have now taken place and grown sufficiently popular that dancers need a catch phrase. Perhaps by extension, Dance of the Absurd is as good a designation as any. To those dance-goers who have at last found that their minds can grasp Martha Graham, I have to say that there are yet miles to go in the labyrinth of strange movements, extraordinary ideas, and other departures from ballet or dance as it was when we were younger.

These extreme, new dancers have been appearing more or less regularly, but only recently has word spread to any extent. As a result audiences have increased, and though the general bafflement remains steadfast, discerning spectators are becoming noticeably hoarser in their approval. One troupe, Alwin Nikolais' young dancers at the Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, appears weekends every other month. Nikolais creates dance sequences called *Imago*, *Finials* and the like, of exquisitely plotted abstract movements and motions. He couches them in costumes ranging from odd, through fantastic, to the outlandish. One number, well applauded if not wholly appreciated in New York, on tour in the provinces and at Spoleto last year, was *Noumenon*. The several dancers are dressed — perhaps the better description is bundled — in jersey bags of different colors. Sitting on stools, to disconnect the foot from the ground and confuse the human shape, they look like blobs. The dance consists of rhythmic juttings and protrusions illogically appearing from nowhere, anywhere unexpected. At the end, the dancers stand upright on the stools, their concealed hands wrapped around to enlarge the head-nob. For the first time the audience knows for sure that these mystery cocoons are human.

Nikolais makes a specialty of theatrical accouterment. For one dance he attaches hoops of varying size at the ankles, knees, hips and chest, and covers the dancer's now distorted body with cloth. Like chessmen come alive, the figures bob and sway. In another dance, the costume is long suction pumps for hands, long enough to make a grotesque dance-walk on

all fours merely by a slight leaning over. Elsewhere Nikolais' company — this time fully visible and scantily costumed — stands beneath a décor of bits of paper — a constellation of triangles, squares, hexagons. One dancer makes a deep motion to the floor of the stage and an arrow of colored paper follows; a second steps widely back, and another part of the décor descends, minutely following the movement. It takes a short while to figure out that invisible wires tie the dancer to his setting, and that it dances along with him. Dances as far out as these require electronic music, and this, too, with its droplets of sounds, jingle-jangles and outer-space whines, is composed and manufactured by Nikolais, the musician-choreographer.

For dance of a different sort, I recommend Mikhail Santoro at the Charles Weidman Theatre of the Expression of the Two Arts. There, any Saturday, Santoro may dance a lecture in calligraphy. Suddenly, while casually talking to the spectators, he will fall to the floor in a dangerous but well-calculated drop, rise again and start talking about lines. He pulls an invisible line from out of the floor, carries it as if it tenderly existed, and then starts painting on a large square of brown wrapping paper. His dance movements dictate the lines he paints in black and white, and as you puzzle out what picture the dance will make, hanging on for life and dear sanity to visible logic, Santoro speaks: "We know this is a man, because here's a hand. . . ." He quickly sketches a birdlike claw in the center of the paper — where the clutch destroys the very comprehensibility you have momentarily found. Then, dotting the eyes with two red splotches, the dance is over.

Or perhaps you will chance upon one of the *Evolvements* in which Santoro and his partner, daubed with paint, "build an image" by collecting coils, springs, a broken tricycle wheel, and piling them at the center of the stage in a *pas de deux*. The most somber part of this dance consists of Santoro, solo, moving boxes. One is a sandalwood cube, three feet square, and on top is a small black box. After a variety of actions and motions such as swinging orange-painted aluminum tubes in the air and hiding under vast sheets of paper, the climax is reached when the small box is turned so that the inside faces the audience. It is red — a jolt of color,

the completion of an infantile play-cycle.

Within Dance of the Absurd there is, of course, the more and the less. Among the less comes Anna Sokolow's recent *Opus '63* (after the year, not the number of works composed) where Jerome Robbins' jazz movements are abstracted and attenuated, that is, twice removed from literalness. One section satirizes the blandness of society, the distance between people and persons except when "twisting." The star of the section is an Amazon — the tallest dancer ever to appear on stage — who, dead-pan, crushes her writhing, sex-tatic partners as she sinks to the ground, until they become feelers or antennae, threadlike spindles of leg, and she becomes a giant insect. At least, that's the way I saw it.

Another of the less strange dancers is the noble and aristocratic Eric Hawkins. Still, he can give you a shock of surprise. In one of his dances, *Pine Tree*, he stands for an

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Faubion Bowers is the author of Japanese Theatre, Theatre in the East, Dance in India and Broadway: USSR.

September 7, 1963

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interminable length of time on one foot with the other extended at right angle. When you can bear it no longer, he slowly begins to lower his leg, and the accompaniment, composed and played by Lucia Dlugoszewski, strums a single stroke on the wooden ladder-harp. Then Eric Hawkins walks round in a series of identical circles — nine times is about the maximum the audience can take — and disappears in the wings.

Paul Taylor, evolving out of ballet, up from Martha Graham, into himself, is one of the most widely known practitioners in the Absurd field. A few years ago he conceived and rehearsed a dance where, in business suit (was it gray flannel?), he stood motionless while a grim clock ticked off seconds. I doubt if any dance has ever been more condemned, but those exacerbated ones who saw it and suffered under its static silence, are still talking about it.

Dance of the Absurd appears to be more than an aberrational side-track. To a new crop of youngsters now coming up this idiomless idiom seems natural. One of the most brilliant evenings of dance—so accorded by the press and soon to be repeated—was given a short while ago by Albert Reid. Still in his early twenties, Reid has already developed amazing technical command, control and ease. He can do virtuoso tricks with his body — stand on his toes, one leg or one hand, endlessly, leap, fall, spin — so that the wary will trust his competence; but more important, despite the coldness of a young dancer just out of training, he shows what he intends with his mind. His distortions and grotesqueries of movement claw at your nerves until a soft moment unexpectedly touches the gentlest of your emotions. Always off-balance, harshly angular, unusually extended in series of body stances never seen before, his fleeting seen-before postures come only to startle you.

One of Reid's eye-catching, heart-troubling dances was *Each Time You Carry Me This Way* (a popular tune), performed on the floor by means of slides and slithers. The arms repeated patterns, the upraised knees created symmetrical phrases, and the sporadic uprighting of the body punctuated the concealed purpose. The meaning? It could be the loneliness of the basket-case, or an incapacitated beggar plying his trade. In fact, it is the stylization of the pull exerted

upon one human by an (invisible) other.

A *Little Talk*, the evening's show stopper, is a larger-than-life replica of a simple situation: the boredom when someone talks too much. Reid sits in a kitchen chair, motionless, the eyes staring straight ahead vacantly. The toes wiggle. Then the fingers twiddle. The eyes, slower than slow, wander to their corners and back. He slumps inch by inch until he is supine, then moves into a slow somersault with the chair until the initial, rigid, agonized posture of the beginning is resumed. The only sound is the squeak of the chair.

From the meaningful, Albert Reid turns to the absurdly meaningless. His troupe begins dancing before the curtain is raised. You hear foot sounds.

Then the curtain rises a few inches, sinks again, rises again and you continue to watch a foot-dance with the concentrated attention of a movie camera close-up. Somewhere along the line, imponderable nerves of aesthetic response are touched. When Judy Garland's voice singing "Zing went the strings of my heart" booms out unrelatedly at the end of one dance, something goes zing in the spectator's amazement and admiration.

Out of inexplicable meaningless, we somehow learn, in theatre and dance, that something special may be generated. Nerves are touched, and even grated. Hearts are tampered. But what happens ultimately is aesthetic. There's beauty there. Strange, unbelievable, but it is catching us and catching on.

LETTER from TOKYO (I)

Harold Clurman

Several new lines in the Tokyo subway system are being built. The streets are now often little but metal or plank surfaces over hollow space. There are gaping trenches where the initial digging is still in progress.

This, I was told, was why I had the impression that the city looked as if it is still being constructed. But what I had said was that it was not simply the streets which were being refashioned, but the minds and hearts of the people.

In that fascinating and significant novel, Yukio Mishima's *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, we read, "Although I was still young, I was conscious . . . that the world of death which my father ruled and the world of life occupied by young people were being brought together by the mediation of war." The old, "the tempting concept of beauty which makes people powerless to act," as Mishima puts it, is at present under the constant assault of headlong action. The transformation of Japan is so rapid that the condition of the country has drastically altered, even in the past five years.

The results are not pretty, but they are highly exciting. Tokyo looks like a junk heap of modern mercantile and industrial contrivance. Pompous banks, Hilton-type hotels, bombastic office buildings, shrill movie houses seem to be tumbling from the heavens or being thrust up from hell amid decrepit alley shops run by struggling

artisans of another era. New York is almost pastoral in comparison. Where elegant new Japanese-style (wooden) houses are put up, they are occupied, as in a typical development I visited, by such folk as a television producer, a baseball star and an American university professor. There is inflation, and though wages increase they do not catch up with the cost of living.

Japan, about as large as California, has 90 million inhabitants, and one's first impression of Tokyo is that all of them have taken to the streets at the same time. At night, when the neon lights blaze in colors more variegated, and in patterns more eccentric, than anything we can imagine outside of an action painting, one has the sensation of being spirited away into a monstrous fun fair on New Year's Eve. The Ginza, the so-called Broadway of Tokyo, which is a section rather than a single avenue, is one of the numerous entertainment areas aflame through various parts of the city, all of them covering many square blocks and all of them "jumping."

I remarked to a Japanese acquaintance that if I were permitted to see the new China I would regret not having been able to catch a glimpse of the old, but on seeing Tokyo now I could see both the old and the new Japan at the same time. He agreed. For in the midst of the bedizened megalopolitan chaos, there are considerable vestiges of the an-

cient civilization, and because of the surrounding upheaval they are the more striking.

In a city where in the center of the downtown quarter an edifice houses the nude "girlie" show, *Tokyo Temptations*, as well as an all-girl revue and a lavish movie emporium, there also stands, a short distance away, the Kabuki Theatre where all the actors kneel in obeisance at the door of the leading player's dressing room every time they are to go on stage, and once again when they have completed their performance. The city where the Turkish bath — advertised as a kind of carnival — is known as a substitute for an (illegal) house of assignation, is also the city where, to make themselves more desirable as brides, young ladies spend years perfecting themselves in the stylized gestures of the Tea Ceremony, which has been called "an extension of philosophy to the sphere of social meetings."

Certain aspects of Zen Buddhism are now employed, not only as psychoanalysis serves in the West, but as an aid in the achievement of business success. There are Cadillacs and Bentleys on the same streets where one can occasionally spy a man-drawn rickshaw in poor repair in which a geisha on her way to a beauty parlor is seductively secreted behind a soiled drape. While devotees with "libretti" of the linguistically unintelligible Noh plays sit as subscribers to that hieratic art, the leading young novelist of the moment has been compared to Gide and Genet.

Kyoto, Japan's ancient capital, still preserves much of its pristine loveliness and the new world does not jostle the old there, but all Japan is pushing its way to Tokyo. One is therefore justified in using Tokyo as the image for what is going on in the land.

Tokyo is not a theatre town unless Tokyo itself be considered theatre. True, I attended several Kabuki performances, one Noh play, one "Temptation," some modern plays—European and Japanese—as well as several charming and meaningful puppet plays. I also saw a stage and film actress who impressed me as an outstanding artist, one whom I took to be emblematic of the essence of Japanese art. Still, while I found the ritualized forms of the theatre instructive, these seemed to me less immediately cogent than the polish and sophistication of some recent novels and

films. But all assumed greater interest for me because of the place and atmosphere of their setting: Japan itself.

I shall nevertheless begin with remarks about the actress Isuzu Yamada. Americans who saw Kurosawa's version of Gorky's *Lower Depths* may remember her as the volcanic virago of that film. The afternoon I saw her on the stage she was co-starring in a seventeenth-century comedy in which the male star was Matsumoto Koshiro, one of three brothers, all of whom are distinguished representatives of the Kabuki hierarchy.

The play itself struck me as a much adulterated piece. It is customary in Japan, as elsewhere, to present lighter fare during the summer months. I was growing bored with the spectacle — Koshiro had cast himself in a part in which at least for the first two hours he had no opportunity to shine — when a magic instant transfigured the mediocre show into a memorable experience.

Yamada, who appears to be fifty, is a powerfully built woman of unmistakable sexual potency. On this occasion, she played an artful minx who has learned to give herself the airs of a *grande dame*. A man who is trying to extract some crucial business information from her begins to bribe her with flattering words and intriguing promises. She retains an imperturbable composure. He then produces both money and a precious jewel. A barely perceptible smile modifies the line of her lips; there is a suspicion of a glint in her eye. She instructs a handmaiden to gather up the money and the jewel as if it were trash. She rises, and with the web-footed tread affected by the great ladies of the seventeenth century (adopted by Kabuki actors), she moves with stately pride toward the threshold of the room. Just as she is about to disappear, she deftly and majestically whisks the booty from the servant's care to her own. Her exit has the same poise.

Here was the cream of Kabuki humor. (By introducing women into his company, Koshiro has broken with tradition.) What I have described was so delicately accomplished that it hardly seemed to have occurred. Yet the effect, though minuscule, was electrifying. Apart from the walk — and even this partook of an illusion — there seemed to be no movement at all. Nothing was "happening," except that the apparent immobility of the

scene was in itself wonderful. A certain phase of Japanese art consists of a repose which moves! One witnessed this scene — it was a second isolated in time — as if one's attention had been transfixed by the radiant node of some brilliant gem. An extreme intensity was contained in the person of the actress, whose impassive demeanor had hardly changed at all, though all had changed.

What was most extraordinary — and specifically Japanese — in this is that the actress' gait, abstractly judged by Occidental standards, might be called ungainly, unnatural, even ugly. Yet through some transubstantiation, this distortion had become exquisite. I do not mean sensuous or ornamental, but hard, clean, unemphatic and perfectly expressive of irony, cunning, nobility. Japanese art can translate the misshapen into grace. Whereas Western art seeks symmetry,

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the Japanese tends to make asymmetry beautiful.

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The NATION

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On visiting the stages of a film studio where a melodrama (based on the plot of *Carmen*) about traffic in drugs was being shot, I saw a starlet whom Hollywood might publicize as a sex knockout. Such faces — not at all uncommon in Japan — are favored by the Japanese movie moguls, and the roving eye of the tourist fixes on them avidly. But the most beautiful woman I encountered in Japan, the actor Koshiro's wife, had an altogether different kind of "good looks." This is the insinuating femininity one discovers in Japanese prints, a mixture of sensuality and refinement, a peculiarly enticing modesty which is sensed rather than seen.

"It was quite natural," Mishima writes, "that wars and unrest, piles of corpses and copious blood should enrich the beauty of the Golden Temple. . . . The uncoordinated design of its three stories, in which the art historian could only see a blend of styles, had surely been evolved naturally from the search of a style that could crystallize all the surrounding unrest. If instead it had been built in one fixed style, the Golden Temple would have been unable to embrace the unrest and would certainly have been collapsed long since."

In my next piece I plan to widen the range of contradictory perplexities in Japanese life and art.

RHODESIA

(Continued from page 113)

will be a hindrance to emigration, but is not likely to hold back enough people to sustain the morale of the regime. The strength of white Rhodesia depends on prosperity; prosperity can be destroyed by white Rhodesia's enemies. They appear to hold the cards.

But if they overthrow the regime, in one way or another, it will be a Pyrrhic victory. The Belgian withdrawal was very harmful, but not fatal, to the Congo. Northern Rhodesia looks like surviving the change to black rule. But these economies turned on extractive industries of interest to large-scale foreign capital. Southern Rhodesia has a more complex and advanced economy: staple-crop farming, manufacture, commerce, finance, well-developed services. The skilled sector of this society, if depleted, could not quickly be replaced. The big overseas corporations which are now moving their offices from Salisbury to Lusaka (Northern Rhodesia) do not have their main interests south of the Zambezi. But the African population of Southern Rhodesia has multiplied sevenfold since the beginning of the century because there was a complex economy to supplement the resources of the soil.

A black Southern Rhodesia would change its name to Zimbabwe. That is the name of the mysterious ruins near Fort Victoria which archeologists have ingeniously interpreted without any human remains to help them. *Absit omen.*

LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

bright's henchmen "built a wall to discourage their citizens from straying out of the Marxist paradise." It is a matter of historical record that the wall had been under construction seven weeks before the Fulbright statement. May I join you in hoping that the rest of Sir John's article rests on firmer scholarly foundations?

R. Leslie Anders

Central Missouri State College

Anglesey, N. Wales

Dear Sirs: The Berlin wall began as a barrier to cut off escapers: later it was converted into a permanent structure. My article referred to the former; Mr. Anders quotes the date of the latter.

The distinction seemed to me trivial. Wall or barrier, the East Germans built it as soon as they knew that they were not going to get possession of all Berlin. The contrary belief, namely that they built the wall when they still believed that East and West Berlin were about to be united — *qua* the Khrushchev ultimatum — is an absurdity. . . .

This interpretation of events could not derive from scholarship because there are no documents to collate. It is not the result of study, but of long, front-line experience of international affairs, coupled with the independent status which enables the facts to be seen from a viewpoint not fogged up by official handouts. John Lomax

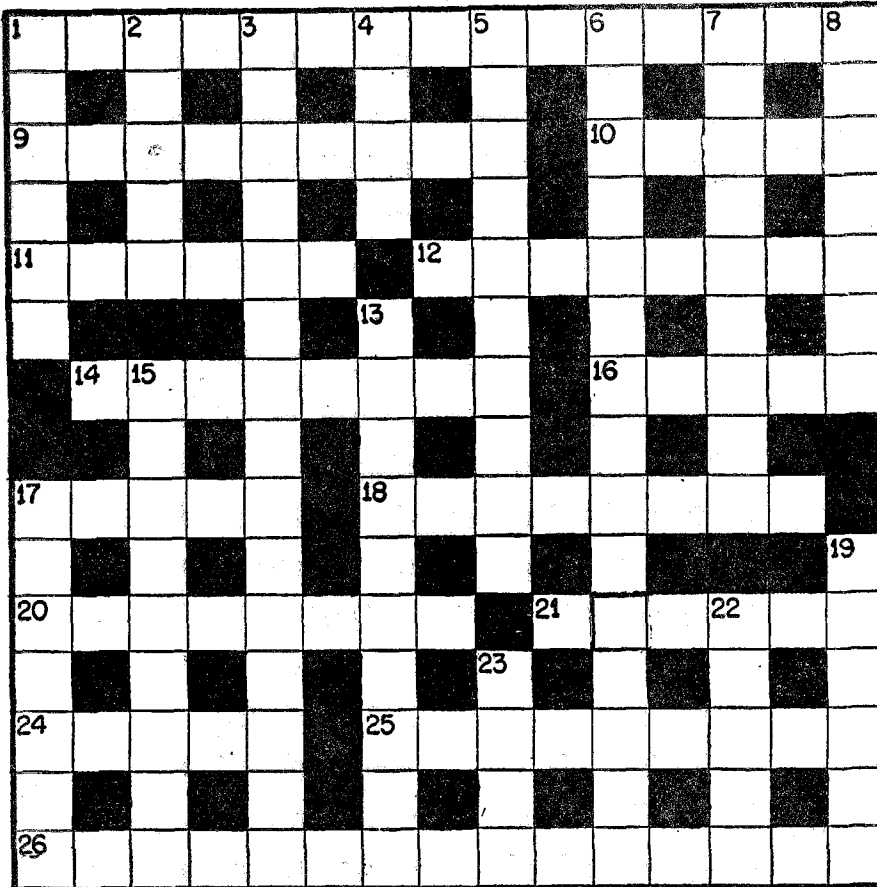
CORRECTION

In our August 24 issue, page 90 ("Curious Quest for Womanpower," by Nancy Reeves), the fifth item under "real immediate trends" should have read: "(e) for more and more women to work part-time." We regret the error.—Ed.

The NATION

Crossword Puzzle No. 1022

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 A specially produced head of 9 usually considered in exceptional fashion. (15)
- 9 This sort of parcel has a pip of a wrapper, but it holds the sheets together! (5,4)
- 10 Could one be such a nut, and be allowed back? (5)
- 11 See 3 down
- 12 What might open with a slow movement? A composition of the island? (3, 5)
- 14 Buffet. (8)
- 16 Of necessity, gardens are plowed up by it. (5)
- 17 A legal right belonging to another country? (5)
- 18 Do away with something wrapped in canvas used by the retiarii. (8)
- 20 He aims to use something much more modern than 18 in combat!
- 21 Part of this has taken place in the California mountains. (6)
- 24 Acted humanly? (5)
- 25 Kipling's Triumph and Disaster.
- 26 One should be prepared, at least in part, for them. (5, 10)

DOWN:

- 1 Such lively intelligence could be responsible for a religious man, or Puck, or at least a line on one. (6)
- 2 Measured as a TV show might be? (5)
- 3, 17 down and 11 across Proving

nepaled equals depaled. (1, 6, 2, 4, 2, 1, 6, 6)

- 4 Part of a register, by the sound of it. (4)
- 5 He's probably just putting on an air with a promise made to be broken. (10)
- 6 He has a questionable practice of capitalizing on others' mistakes. (9, 6)
- 7 One wouldn't so describe the ecumenical movement, but things that do have at least one point in common. (9)
- 8 No tone to the park—just colors.
- 13 Enterprise. (10)
- 15 There's no fiercer version of support! (9)
- 17 See 3 down
- 19 Gives us the pitch, perhaps, but Paul evidently strayed from it. (6)
- 22 A most unusual aperture! (5)
- 23 The part of certain buildings that's always in a state of collapse? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1021

ACROSS: 1 Over and out; 6 Abet; 10 Estates; 11 Phalanx; 12 Bird of Paradise; 14 Relaying; 15 Adds up; 16 Escudo; 18 Importer; 22 Divertissement; 24 Impasto; 25 Othello; 26 Kids; 27 Terrorists. DOWN: 1 Overburden; 2 Enthral; 3 Anthony Adverse; 4 Dust pan; 5 Uppers; 7 Brasses; 8 Taxi; 9 Banded together; 13 Operations; 17 Clipped; 19 Misdoer; 20 Trellis; 21 Stroke; 23 Pink.

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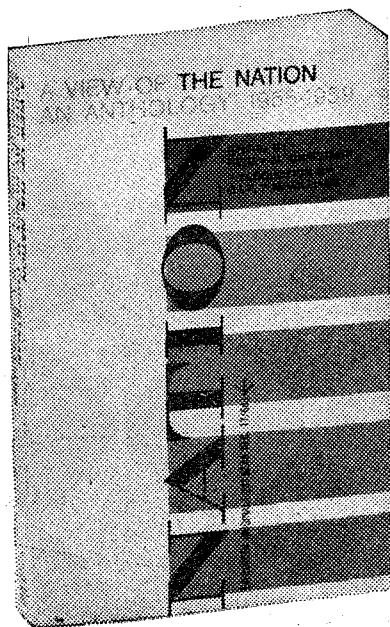
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